# Patching Up by bleepbloopbee

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Nancy insists on cleaning up Steve after his fight with Billy.

# Patching Up

**Author's Note:**

> i watched all of season two the weekend it came out. Whoops… and me being me, this has a ton of dialogue since that's most of what i write.

"Nance, come on-"

"You're being childish."

"I'm okay, I don't know why you have to do this-"

"Arguing is only going to make it worse."

Jonathan leans against the doorframe, cracking a smile.

"You sound like your mom." He teases, making Nancy shoot him a glare.

Steve laughs, nearly slipping off the closed toilet seat. The first-aid kit nearly slips too, but Nancy manages to catch it before it all slips onto the floor. Thanks to Mike's frequent 'adventures', her mom had the thing stuffed to the brim.

"Give it up Nance," Steve whines. "The kids cleaned me up-- Dustin's pretty good at it!"

"He stuck a bandaid over a bruise." Nancy glances up from the kit, giving Steve a knowing look. He sighs, jiggling his legs for a second. He's a sucker for that look.

"Jon, help me out--"

"You're better off just letting her do what she wants." Jonathan shrugs. Steve groans. He's about to put his head in his hands, but Nancy grabs his wrists and moves them away from his face.

"No touching 'till I'm done." Nancy tells him, purposefully gentle. She smiles a little, and Steve sighs.

“Okay, okay, do what you want.” He says. He lets Nancy move him; pulling him down by the chin so he’s at her level. She’s knelt on the floor in front of the toilet, rooting through the overstuffed first aid kit to find what she needs.

Over her shoulder, he meets Jonathan’s eyes. Jonathan’s still got that smile on, but now there’s a warm look to go with it.

“He got you good.” Jonathan comments.

“Better than you did,” Steve responds, then making a little pained noise as Nancy carefully prods a bruise on the bridge of his nose.

“You know I apologized for that.” Jonathan says sheepishly.

After they had fought the Demogorgon nearly a year ago, he had apologized profusely for it. Steve had been nonchalant about it for the most part, but he had accepted the many apologies.

“I know,” Steve’s voice is quiet. The two of them share a long look. Steve’s the one who breaks it, glancing down at Nancy.

“Can you let me know when you two disappear like that though? You had me worried.” Steve nudges his foot against Nancy’s knee. “I thought I’d have to fight the Flayer with a bunch of kids.”

“We won’t be disappearing anymore.” Nancy carefully dabs an antiseptic-soaked cotton ball onto a cut on Steve’s chin.

“Promise?” Steve raises an eyebrow, eyes flicking between Nancy and Jonathan.

“Promise.” Nancy and Jonathan say at the same time.

Nancy pauses, lowering the cotton ball to lightly kiss Steve’s cheek. Jonathan’s smile grows, and Steve jiggles once more.

“Okay I love you both, but hurry up-- now that you’ve made the ‘I’m a babysitter’ joke, Dustin wants me to help him get a suit for their formal.” Steve rambles. Nancy laughs quietly, and Jonathan rolls his eyes.

“But it’s not for another month?” Jonathan raises an eyebrow.

“Yeah I told him that…” Steve starts to ramble again. Nancy shakes her head, letting out a breathy laugh. She looks over at Jonathan. He just shrugs, with a warm look in his eye. She rolls her eyes, jokingly of course, and turns back to Steve.

“Okay okay, now shut up and let me finish,” she cuts through his mini speech. “The faster you stop talking the faster you’ll be done.”

**Author's Note:**

> not sure if I'll be writing another ST fic anytime soon... but if I am, you can follow me here or on tumblr.